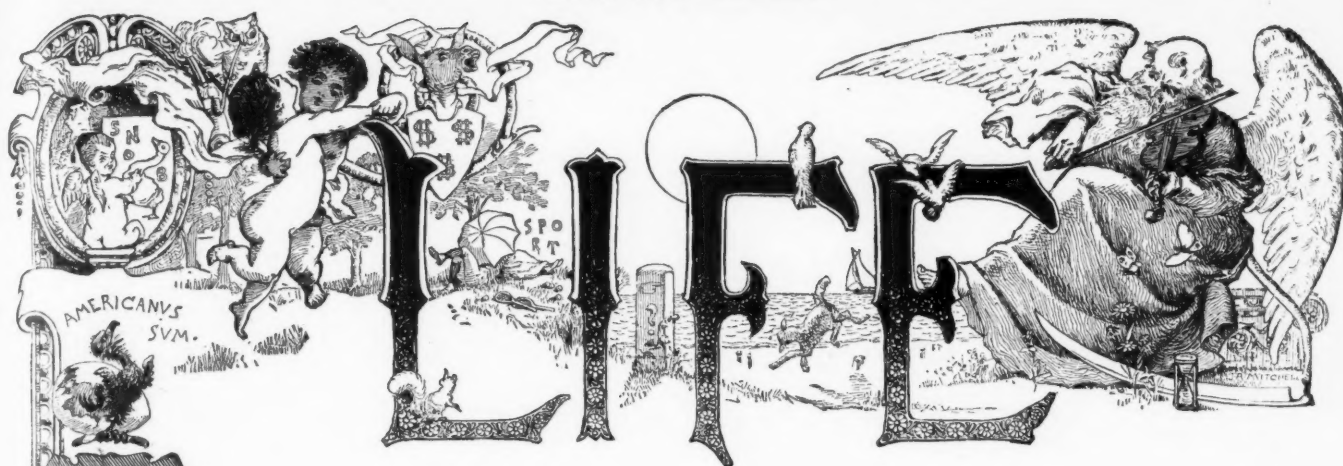


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ONE EXCEPTION.

"I FEEL IT IN ALL MY BONES THAT I AM GOING TO BE AN OLD MAID."
"NOT IN YOUR WISHBONE."

Pears'

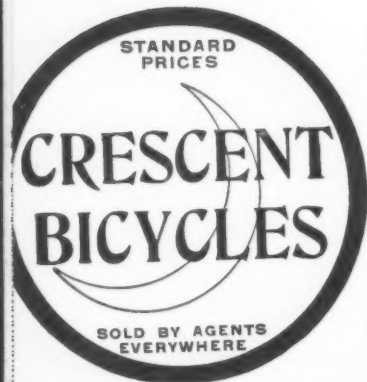
It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



Best Liked Where Best Known

In 88,000 Bicycles of one name are sold in one by one manufacturer, the chances are that make of Bicycle is apt to be well known. It follows that it must be a good one to find so purchasers. Buyers are better posted and particular than they used to be. This makes easier to sell

CRESCENTS

es: { \$20, \$25, and \$30 for Juveniles.
\$50 for Adults.
\$75 for Tandems and Chainless.
Price and Quality Guaranteed.

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34th Annual Statement OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000

ASSETS.	
Real Estate,	\$1,994,462.11
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,355,412.11
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	8,900,410.11
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.11
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.11
Loans on this company's Policies,	1,108,540.11
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,590.11
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	225,440.11
United States Bonds,	14,000.11
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,812,640.11
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,654,210.11
Bank stocks,	1,064,040.11
Other stocks and bonds,	1,448,450.11

Total Assets, \$24,868,994.11

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	\$16,600,000.11
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department,	1,365,817.11
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	426,280.11
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	229,000.11
Losses unadjusted,	203,740.11
Life Premiums paid in advance,	23,300.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.11

Total Liabilities, \$19,146,350.11

Excess Security to Policy-holders, \$3,722,633.11

Surplus to Stockholders, \$2,722,833.11

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force,	\$91,892,310.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	14,507,349.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law,	
Returned to Policy holders in 1897,	1,935,545.00
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	13,150,350.00

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	15.00
Whole number Accident Claims paid, 307.00	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	\$ 1,381,906.00
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	21,210,095.00
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	\$ 2,617,492.00
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	34,360,645.00

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agents.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adj. Surg.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

To Ladies en route or about departing for Europe.

MR. ERNEST, for the past fifteen years the leading Ladies' Tailor in New York has recently established himself in London, where he is showing in his extensive salons the latest productions in

Gowns, Coats and Reception Dresses



185 Regent Street, London

·LIFE·



OLYMPUS UP TO DATE.
CLUB LIFE.

Irlandaise.

IT was in the early evening, the air was warm and still,
The bells were ringing vespers at the chapel on the hill;
My work was over for the day, the pipe was in my hand,
And there I sat, as free of care as any in the land,
When swinging down the street there strolled a merry, young
spalpeen,
And the tune that he was whistling was "The Wearin' o' the
Green."
Oh! then my thoughts went traveling back across the bygone
years!
A shadow moved before my eyes (I'm thinking it was tears).
For once again the springtime bloomed in dear old County
Clare,
The peach leaned pink against the wall, the snow laid on the pear,
And she that came to meet with me, the hedge-rows in between,
Was singing—I can hear her now!—"The Wearin' o' the Green."

Her footstep fell so fairy-light it scarce bent down the grass;
The very birds perched on the boughs, bewitched, to watch her pass.
Who bothered that her petticoat was ragged when 'twas tied
About the sweetest, snuggest waist in all the countryside?
And faith, she'd not a sixpence, but the eyes of her would shine
Like two bright jewels when they looked up loving into mine.

A blessing on the whistling lad, for bringing to my mind
The hopes and dreams the flying months had long since left behind!
For as a burst of sunshine breaks upon a cloudy day,
A fancy slipped into my heart that, maybe, far away
Where Irish skies, still soft and blue, smiled down at her, Kathleen
Was singing for the old times' sake "The Wearin' o' the Green."
M. E. W.

TIMMY: Pop, if there's a war, are you going?
POP: No, sir. Your mother has been the man of
the house for the past year.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXI. MARCH 17, 1898. No. 796.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance.
Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union,
\$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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ALAS! there is no peace this spring for the liver-sadened. When energies decline, and the grip prowls about, and food becomes an obligation and work a torment, and man yearns to turn his face to the wall and leave the universe to attend to itself, events won't let him do it. Between the yellow papers that cry

War! War! when there is no war, and the other papers which cry Peace! Peace! when the paths of peace seem slippery and uncertain, it is a hard, hard spring, and full of wear and tear. The divers fish up an exploded powder-can from the *Maine*, and down go stocks. Secretary Long says he thinks so and so, and up go stocks. General Lee's recall is hinted at, and down they go again. Fluctuations of this sort would be trying in October, when the energies are comparatively brisk and the weather comparatively settled, but in the early spring; in March; dear! dear! it makes a hard world of it.

Yet it might be harder. The great majority of the people have confidence in the Administration, and like the way in which it behaves. That is a very great solace, indeed, and is the more to be appreciated when we consider how very far otherwise it might have been. Our lawful anxieties might have been complicated with worries for fear that our government would get us into a needless, foolish fight. We have been spared that. There is general confidence in the Administration: in its earnest desire to avoid war, as well as in its dispo-

sition to uphold the honor and credit of the country. Since that is so, it behooves us all to take things as easy as we can, avoid the yellow papers, keep away from Wall Street, work steadily at our several jobs, and ride horses, or bicycles, or Shanks's mare when the roads are good, and weather and other things permit. If we should have war we wouldn't like it. No! not a bit; for war is a deplorable thing, and makes dreadful reading and horrifying pictures.



IT is submitted, by gentlemen who are interested in the project to build a gate in memory of Marshall Newell, a Harvard athlete who was accidentally killed, that the memorial will not be primarily a monument to a football player, as was lately suggested in LIFE, but to a man of exceptional strength of character, who was beloved of his fellows, and whose prowess in football was secondary in importance to his other merits. The proposition is to build the gate at the entrance to Harvard's "Soldiers' Field." The "Soldiers' Field" itself is a memorial of four gallant friends of the donor of it. A gate on that field, built in memory of Marshall Newell by friends who loved him, would not be out of place.

There is, of course, a distinction to be made between public monuments, earned by public services, or sacrifices for the public good, and private, or quasi-private monuments, which stand in evidence of the qualities which inspire respect and affection. Both sorts are honorable, but while the former kind prompts the question, "What did he do?" the latter suggests only the question, "Who was he?" No doubt this latter question can be well answered in Marshall Newell's case, since it appears that he was an athlete and a gentleman whom young Harvard admired and loved. That is answer enough to warrant the memorial gate on the "Soldiers' Field," if the men who loved him wish to build it.



THERE are several matters about which human creatures find it difficult to agree, and one of them is the trimming of trees. In Mr. J. Wana-maker's valued *Book News* there is a

communication from Boston, wherein Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole remarks upon the public distress over the "destructive cutting of the forests in the various (Boston) parks." It seems that the cutting has been done by a new superintendent, appointed at the instance of Mr. Charles Sargeant, and has been done largely at the personal instigation of Professor Sargeant himself. Professor Sargeant is supposed to be the man in America who knows trees. If his orders about trimming trees are not right, then it seems fair to surmise that there is no right about that business, but that whatever is done is sure to strike many observers as wrong. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Dole's complaints are reassuring. Spring is at hand, and grumblings about the management of parks and the trees in them are due in all cities which have parks. When they begin in New York, it is going to be a solace to recall that in Boston there is "widely-felt discontent and indignation at the inartistic slaughter of beautiful woods," under orders of Professor Sargeant.

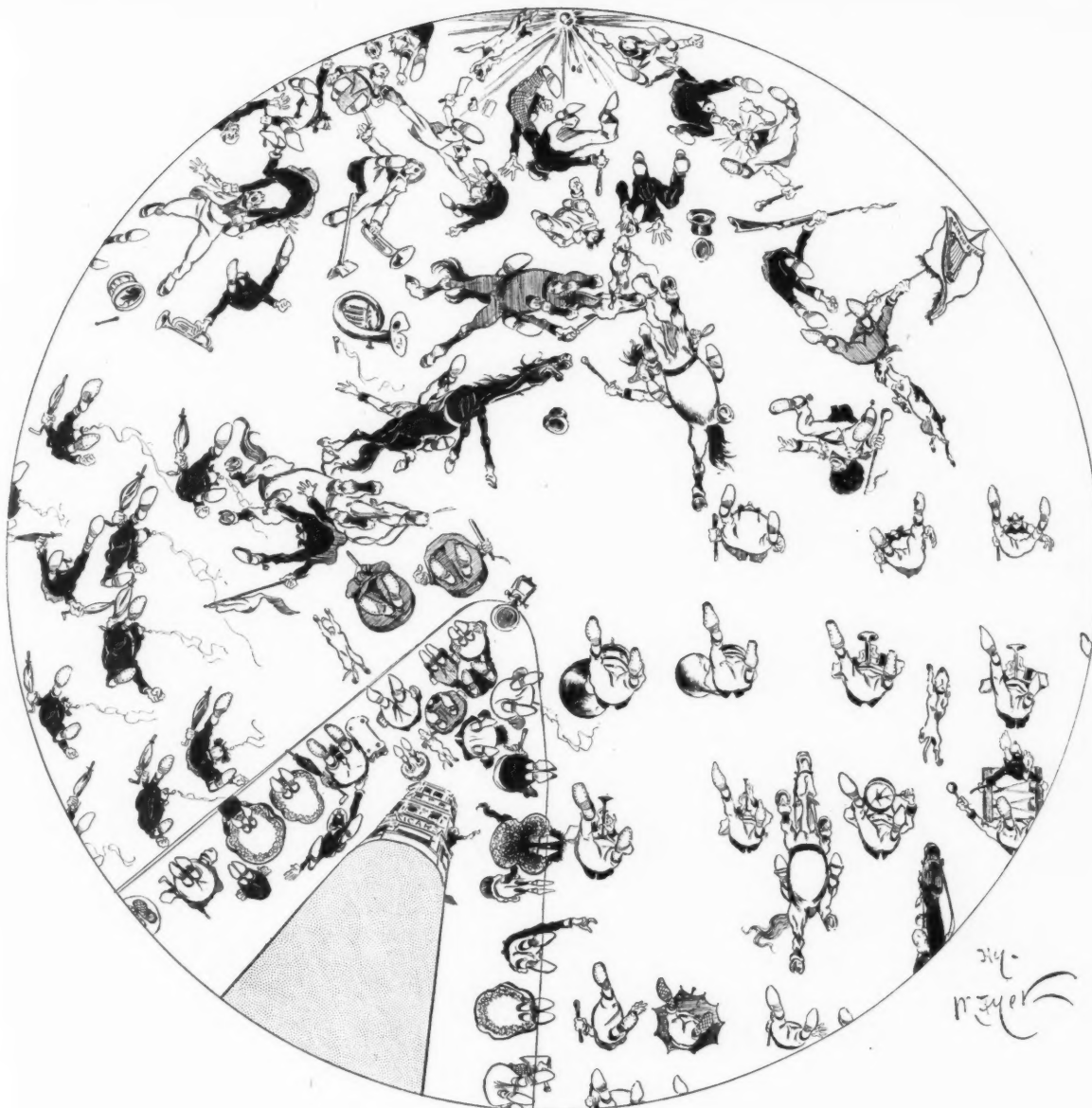


A DISPATCH from San Francisco, dated March 2d, says that "the *Lance*, the only one-cent morning west of Chicago, ignominiously collapsed last night after four issues had appeared."

San Francisco is a long way off, and it costs nearly a hundred dollars to get there comfortably, but the inducements to make the trip are obviously considerable. The two chief drawbacks to San Francisco as a place of residence are that Mr. William Hearst owns a newspaper there, and that it is the nearest American port to Hawaii. Still, a town that Mr. William Hearst would not live in, and which snuffs out a new one-cent morning paper in four days, must have some very serviceable qualities.



WORD comes that the drink bill for the United Kingdom for last year was \$17,500,000 more than for 1896. No doubt that sum is the measure of the enthusiasm with which Her Majesty's faithful subjects drank to Her Majesty's health on the occasion of her late jubilee.



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF US.

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, WHEN THE ORANGE MEETS THE GREEN.

The Unlucky Poor.

MAGISTRATE: And poverty drove you to commit highway robbery?
CULPRIT: Well, Your Honor, there's almost no other kind of robbery for a poor man.

LA BELLE FRANCE, according to her own showing, seems in a bad way. So far as we can judge from the lady's actions, her prevailing sentiments seem to be:

A bas la justice!

Consuez la vérité! and

Vive l'Armée!

The *armée* being the modern repre-

sentative of the brutality and ignorance of the Middle Ages.

If France ever catches up with civilization, she might spend a little time and money to advantage in erecting a monument consisting of three figures, Joan d'Arc, Voltaire and Zola. Its contemplation might be of benefit to the army and the judiciary.



More "Meseems" Romances.

IF that precocious boy, *Sentimental Tommy*, still keeps a fondness for the high-sounding words of old romance, he should procure for the delectation of *Corp* and himself, to be read aloud in the Den, the latest story by Amélie Rives, "A Damsel Errant" (Lippincott). It has "meseems" in it, and other earmarks of romantic greatness. And there is a heroine who would even fill the eye of the critical *Tommy*—"her motions those of willow boughs in a soft wind, her hair dim and full of purplish shadows, as of violets in twilight, her voice fresh and glad as the voice of a little burn among the rushes."

Moreover, when she is kissed by the very presentable knight who tells the story, she flames into the righteous wrath that *Tommy* would expect from a lady with violet hair—"Were I not a woman, I would smite thee on the mouth for every kiss! God's head! That would I! That, and more—and more!"

Nevertheless, she saves this same young man from the scaffold for killing her father—and all for love!

Between the forbidden kiss and the scaffold there is some very tall language; if it were eliminated the tale could be told in ten pages, and even then it would not be very amusing.

* * *

ANOTHER example of going through all the motions of writing a romantic novel is "Shrewsbury" (Longmans), by Stanley Weyman. The author has a well-deserved reputation for doing this sort of work with skill and entertainment; he knows how to give a seventeenth-century air to the story, and the people swagger and talk and do things with considerable gusto.

But reading people are getting tired of it. Masquerading is only fun for a little while. The historical pageant which precedes the circus would pall on the public if they saw it more than once a year.

To write romance of this kind is for the most part a trick of expression, combined with some industry in working up historical backgrounds. It requires no knowledge of life or acute observation of actualities. The surge of emotion and conflict of ideas and passions that make the modern man are foreign to these heroes of old romance. The primary passions of love and slaughter are sufficient to equip a whole library of these puppets.

Nobody wants "problem novels" o

philosophical treatises disguised as fiction. But there is a pretty healthy demand for a novel now and then that will represent some modern civilized people, who are moving about in a social environment that is not entirely occupied with the slaying of enemies, or the award of the heroine to the man who murders most artistically and from the best motives.

* * *

AN untouched field for the Cross-roads story is revealed in John Luther Long's "Ein Nix-Nutz," in *The Century*. The negro, the Southerner and the Yankee have been done into a hundred kinds of dialect, but this is the first artistic presentation of the Pennsylvania Dutchman. He has been waiting for a century, ready-made for the writer of fiction—with quaint costumes, strange superstitions, an amusing dialect, and a family life that abounds in affection. There have been a few Moravian stories, but the real York and Lancaster County Dutchman (who isn't a Dutchman at all, but a German) has never found a

chronicler who could give him the vitalizing touch in fiction, such as Uncle Remus gave the negro, or Cable the Creole.

The dialect is not easy or melodious reading, but there are real people in the story, and a very pretty element of romance.

Droch.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, who writes in a London weekly paper about Alice Meynell, says that Mrs. Meynell's neglect to write poetry is an immense loss to us, but that from her father, who shaped her life, she inherited a high degree of literary abstinence. Of the father, Mrs. Hinkson tells us that "he was not inarticulate, but only silent;" that "he had an exquisite style from which to refrain," and that "the things he abstained from were all exquisite." Mrs. Meynell is a good writer, and posterity takes this opportunity to regret not only that her father did not write more himself, but also that his influence was not operative in quarters where it was more needed.

If Mr. William Hearst, for example, could have been trained by Mrs. Meynell's father, how very profitable it would have been to this generation!



Citizen: YOU'RE NOT IRISH? WHY, I CAN SEE THE MAP OF NEW YORK ON YOUR FACE.



"You will probably never fully understand the feelings of a father."

A True Diplomat.

"MAY I come in?"

A moment before, Whipperly had been sitting alone in front of the fire, his face betraying that supreme look of melancholy, that cringing disquietude, which is the unhappy accompaniment of an unexpected, unlooked-for and unsought responsibility. As he heard the well-known and authoritative voice that uttered these words, however, he straightened himself up, and there came over him a look of iron resolution. It was evident that this young man, so recently a father, could be in an emergency entire master of himself. Hastily striding to the door, he opened it, and the nurse entered, serene, triumphant,

her whole attitude descriptive of that superiority over man which is the peculiar prerogative of her profession, and bearing in her sturdy arms the twin representatives of the house of Whipperly.

A gorgeous, wholesale, unstinted and beatific smile broke out on the face of the young father, spreading swiftly to his ears, and expressive of every tender, joyful emotion that lies within the boundaries of the masculine heart.

"Miss Jones," he said, as he slapped his hands on his knees, "upon an occasion like this words fail me. When I say to you that the thought of twins never once entered my mind, you will appreciate my—er—overwhelming feelings when I was told the joyful news. It was almost too much for me to bear.

I have not yet recovered. It seems almost too good to be true. You will probably never fully understand the feelings of a father, even when only one little beauty is concerned. But to have two of them! That is almost too much! This day, Miss Jones, I can assure you, is one of the—er—happiest days of my life."

Thirty minutes later a young man sat alone, gloomy and abstracted, with a bottle on one side and a box of perfectos on the other. Yet there was a certain look of satisfaction on his face as he absently struck a match and said to himself:

"I think I acted that part fairly well. Suppose that nurse knew how I really felt? Why, she wouldn't stay with us three hours."

"Not Guilty."



RIGGS: I see that Blacker has left the *World* and gone on the *Journal*.

BRIGGS: What is he, a writer or an artist?

"Neither."

Important!

PUNKINTON, Kan., Feb. 14, 1898.

DEAR LIFE: Since the publication of my recent work on "Anarchy: And Its Relation to the Increase in Soap Advertisements," I have been solicited frequently by scientific men and students of sociology to give the world some further results of my researches in the field of Social Science.

To present my facts concisely to your readers shall be my aim. I leave to the rich papas and the title-hunting mammas the business of adding together two and two.

Recently we have been regaled with many choice bits of scandal from across the water, rather damaging to the characters of our dear friends, the English Aristocracy. These, together with the fact that we are continually marrying into the British Peerage girls good enough for American husbands, have led me to consider "The Moral and Intellectual Condition of the English Nobility as Portrayed in Modern Fiction." From Burke I obtain the following list of the number of Peers of the Realm: Blood Royal, 6; Duke, 21; Marquess, 30; Earl, 118; Viscount, 29; Baron, 281; total, 475.

Having herein shown that but 475 positions as "Your Grace" or "My Lord" are now occupied, Scotch and Irish peers omitted, we may proceed to consider the second part of our subject.

It is a well-known fact that in high-class society novels of the past few years the Lords and Dukes have been drawn from prototypes in real life, and with this in mind, it has been my task to search out, dissect and tabulate the characters of such noble rogues as could be found in contemporaneous fiction. In this short sketch I cannot go into percentages, which I regret, for a percentage is the sweetest morsel that can come under the tongue of a true sociologist.

From the works I have examined I am able to present this list, which is the most convincing proof yet brought forward showing the alarming decadence of the English nobility:

Lords inheriting involved estates.....	347
Married for money.....	732
Married beneath their social position.....	220
Married poor but honest dairy maids.....	107
Ran away with other men's wives.....	143
Not married at all, but should be.....	273
"Lordly Villains" on general principles....	201
Killed themselves.....	92
Drunk and disorderly.....	533
Fools.....	117
Became Prime Minister.....	17
Killed while fox hunting.....	83
Bet on the Derby.....	630
Lost their fortunes on same.....	620

Commentary and elucidation are unnecessary. Girls, dear American girls, beware, is the advice of your philosophic friend,

Prof. Melancthon Merrider.

HOW THOSE THINGS HAPPEN.



IT is pretty hard for the shorn lamb to take the tempered wind into consideration when he thinks of his lost coat.

The Vampire of the Hour.

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Burne-Jones.)

A FOOL there was and he paid his fare
(Even as you and I!)
To see Le Gallienne's hank of hair
(We said he was only a fake affair),
But the fool he called him a genius rare
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the fads we make and the freaks we take

And the glories we all believe,
Belong to the jaundiced degenerate
Or the mystical mattoid at any rate,
With his handkerchief up his sleeve.

A critic there was and he had his whack
(Even as you and I!)

He wrote of a wondrous symposiac
(And it wasn't the least like Le Gallienne's clack),

But a critic must follow the beaten track
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the lies we write and the lies we cite
And the excellent things we say
About whatever may happen to be
The idol to which we bend the knee,
The fetish of the day.

The fool to meet the freak was hid
(Even as you and I!)

Hoping he'd show where his wit lay hid
(But it isn't on record Le Gallienne did),
And the fool was bored, and so he slid
(Even as you and I!)

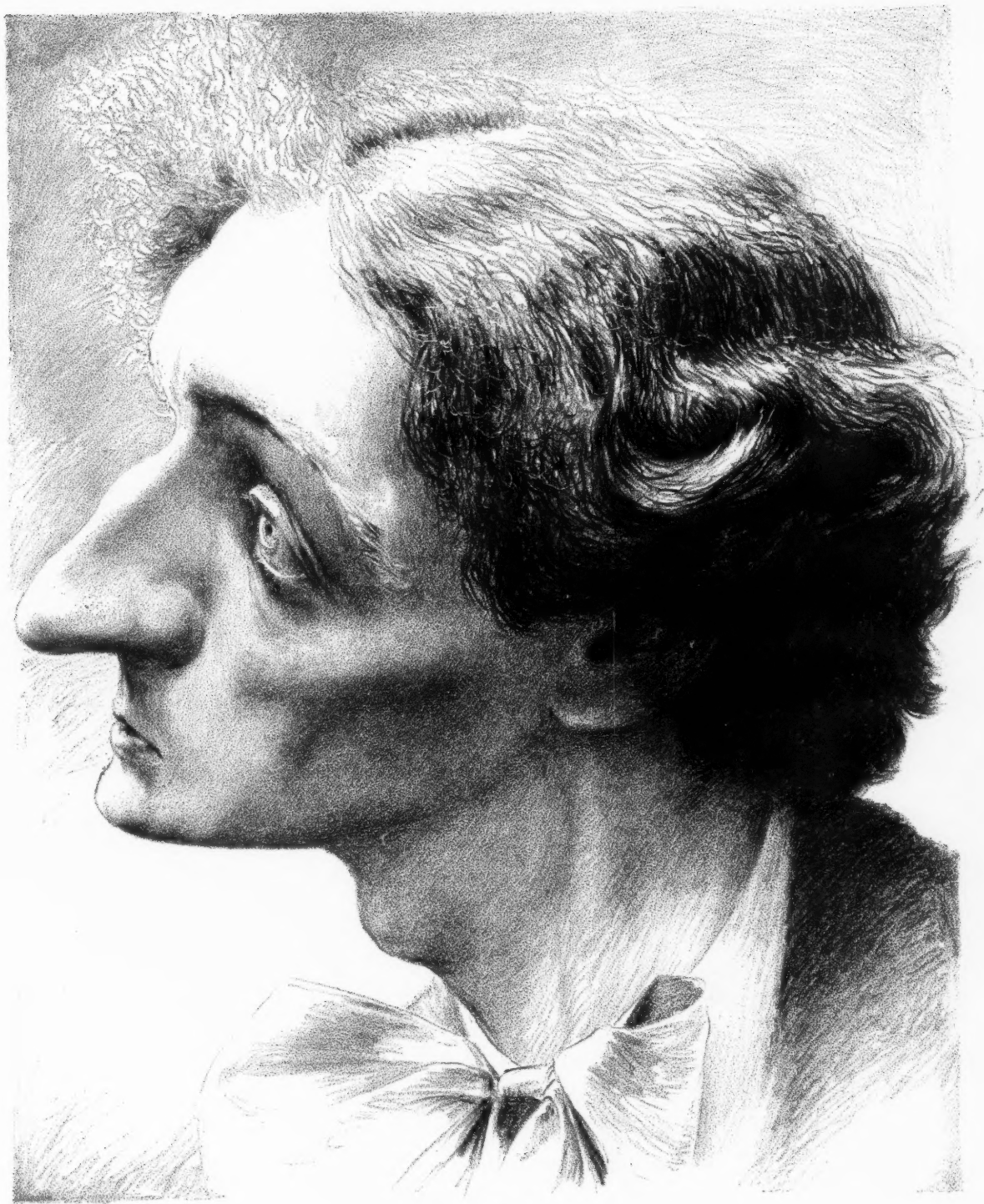
And it isn't the vice and it isn't the price
That causes our gloom profound.
It's coming to know that we all are fools,
And we're just as foolish as other fools
Who follow the treadmill round.

Carolyn Wells.

Flowers on Top.

IT is rumored that this year's spring hats for women find adornment in vegetables and flowers, and show no feathers at all. These are the hats that we are all prepared to encourage. They are what the Audubon Societies want, what everyone wants who likes birds and is opposed to killing them off.

The best and easiest way to preserve the birds is to continue to put feathers out of fashion. Feathers are pretty, and since fashion began, and before, folks have used them to decorate head-gear. But flowers are still prettier, and good artificial flowers, duly piled into a woman's spring hat, are more productive of emotions than any feather-trimming that ever was hatched out of an egg.



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



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Cause and Effect.

CERTAIN persons have thought that LIFE's lack of theatrical advertising has been the cause of certain effects. For their benefit, we are delighted to insert the following advertisements, with the corresponding criticisms. If the advertisement and the criticism resemble too closely the New York *Sun* and some other daily newspapers, the resemblance is not LIFE's fault.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
14th St. & Irving Pl.
16th WEEK. OVER 200 PEOPLE.
MR. CHARLES FROHMAN presents

THE WHITE HEATHER.

Never has the art of the actor been shown to better advantage than in this idyllic drama. Never has elocution reached a higher point. Scenic effect is always sacrificed to the demands of pure art, and every actor and actress has a beautiful opportunity to show what he or she can do.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN presents

JOHN DREW. One Summer's Day.

This is one of those charming dramas where the identity of the individual is sunk in the tremendous interest of the play. Mr. John Drew, who was formerly heard of in connection with one Augustin Daly, is given a subordinate part, but he develops unusual powers for so young an actor, and continually holds his audience suspended between smiles and tears.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. and Madison ave.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN presents

HENRY : THE : Evenings 8.25.
MILLER. : MASTER. : Matinee 2.15.

Here is our golden opportunity to endorse Mr. Charlie Frohman. Mr. Frohman is so modest that he would never acknowledge his small part in making a star—with a capital ★—of Mr. Henry Miller. Nobody but the modest Mr. Frohman could do such a thing to the modest Mr. Miller. When geniuses like that come together, LIFE and the public must doff their bonnets.

KNICKERBOCKER, BROADWAY & 38th ST.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN presents

Wm. H. Crane—A Virginia Courtship

Mr. Crane is one of the most genial gents that ever was. He is a actor, but only Charles Augustus Frohman ever found it out. Until Mr. Frohman discovered Mr. Crane, the latter gent was a-getting only four dollars a week. Then Mr. Frohman raised it to six and everything is lovely. This is what business does for genius.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st., near Broadway.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN presents

MAUDE ADAMS. THE LITTLE MINISTER.

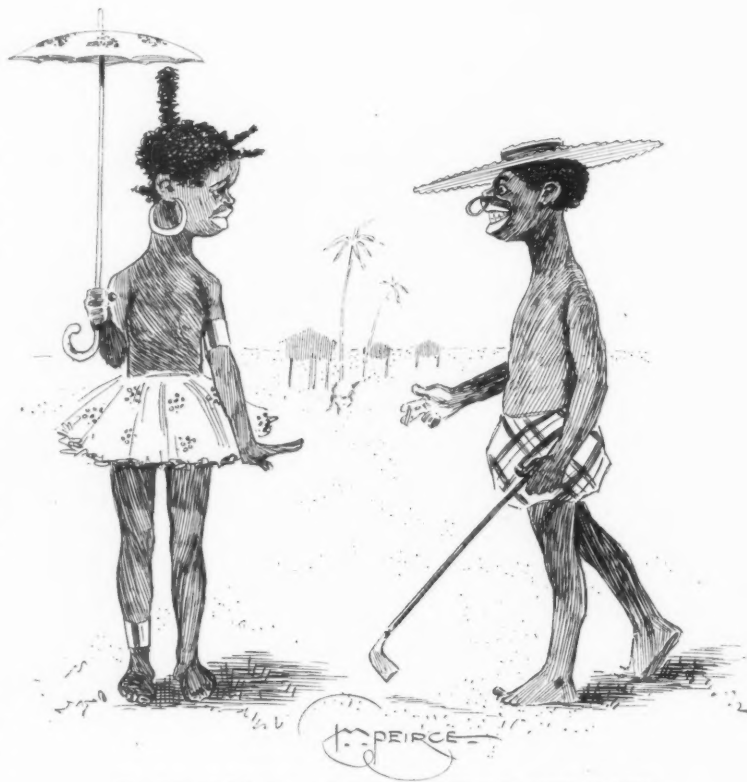
Here is a star that is worth talking about. She is dainty and pretty, but no one ever knew it until that great impresario, Mr. Cholly Frohman, found her. A few people had seen her in "A Midnight Bell" and thought her hideous. Then comes along the greatest American critic and engages her for "Hoot Mon" plays, with a rare discretion which belongs in fact only to *Foxy Quiller* and the greatest of American managers. Mr. Frohman is to be congratulated on his rare hindsight.

From this time on, LIFE resolutely declines to have its criticisms influenced by the insertion of advertisements. Its columns might get a theatrical tone which would be unpleasant to its readers. Besides, LIFE would rather tell the truth about theatricals. The advertising means an income, but LIFE is doing very well, thank you, and likes to say exactly what it thinks. *Metcalfe.*

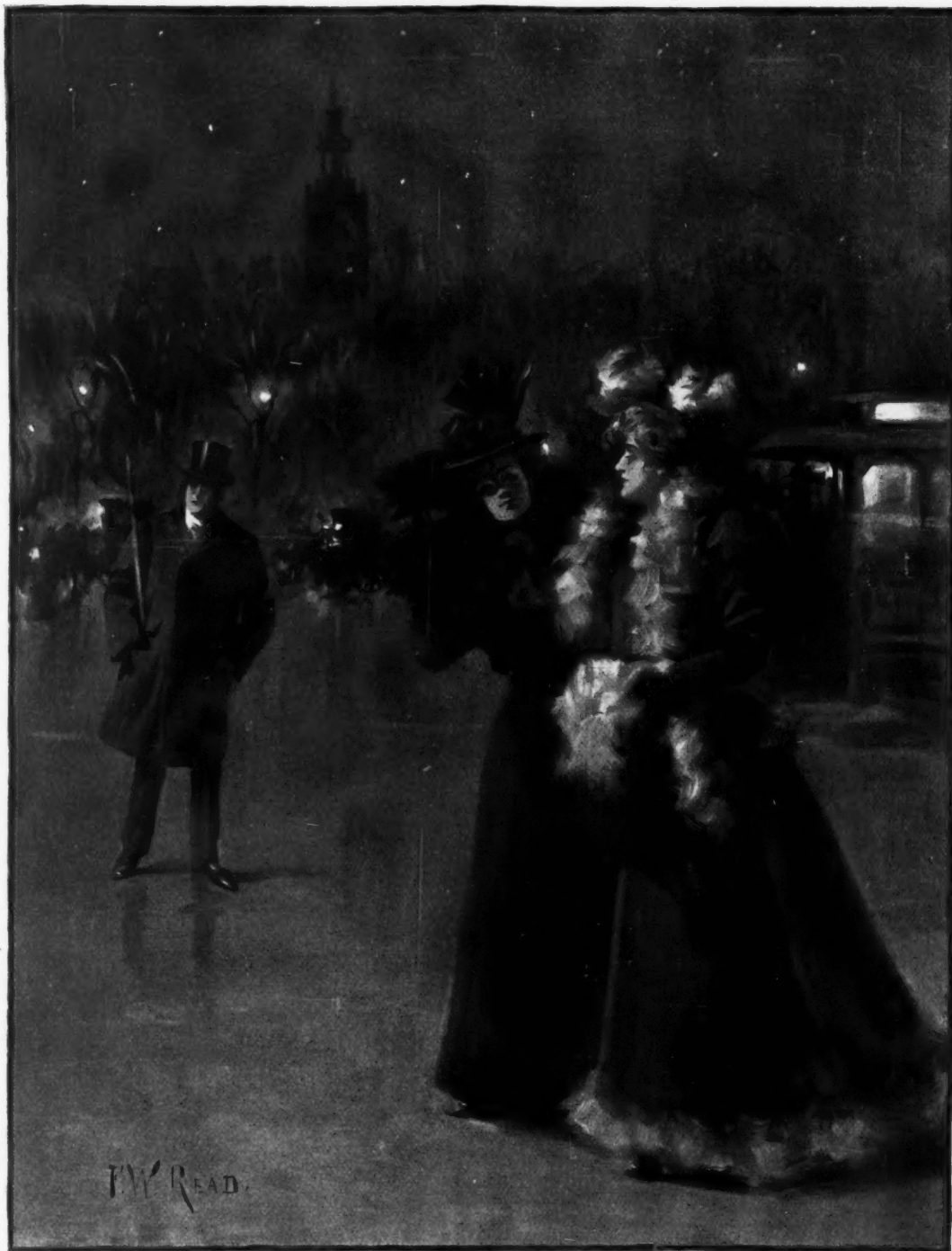
Hard-Pressed.

BRIGGS: What did she say when she rejected you?

GRIGGS: She said it wasn't necessarily due to lack of merit, but on account of the great pressure of other material.



The Belle of Dahomey: NO, SIR, I CAN'T GO TO DE PARTY, BECAUSE MA BALL-DRESS AIN'T READY.



"THEY SAY POOR CLARA CONSULTED THE STARS BEFORE MARRYING HIM."
"AND WHAT WAS THE RESULT?"
"THEY ALL GAVE HIM A GOOD CHARACTER EXCEPT ONE VAUDEVILLE STAR."



A SLIPPERY DAY ON THE ASPHALT.

The Acknowledgment of Casey.

On receiving a bow of green ribbon on St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

THIS day, the best
Of all the rest,
St. Patrick's in the mornin'—
By which I mane
March sivintane,
The day that he was born in.
By all the saints,
I almost faints!
The first thing that I came on,
There, restin' sure
Furninst the door,
A package with me name on!
Ye may surmise
Me glad surprise
To look what was into it,
When I undid
What there was hid
And dhrew it forth to view it.
Faith, when I seen
This bit of green,
Coom sthraight, Good Lord! from Dublin,
I sez, sez I,
"Me pen is dhry,"
And sets me Muse a throublin'.
"Coom thin, swate Muse,
Me pin infuse,
And swell me thayne sonorous!"
(I'd rather spake,
Me verse is wake;
It stumbles at the corners.)

In virtue pure
St. Pathrick sure
Outshone all men of my day:
He niver ate
No scrap of mate
In Lint, nor yet on Friday.
This lovely isle,
With heaven's smile
Forever bint acrost her,
Through her he wint,
And, riverint,
Still said his *Pater Noster*.
Through Kiunegad
He wint, bedad,
Bint on his saintly labours;
Through Killaloe,
And Galway too,
And Limerick, bejabers!
He prached aroun',
Fair Dublin town,
And beautiful Killarney;
And just furninst
Cork Castle waunst
He kissed the Stone of Blarney.
This holy man,
This gracious one,
Was ilegint and stately;
With winsome arts
The payple's hearts
He'd win to him complately.

He was that poor,
From door to door,
Wid pardonin' and confessin',
He rode no horse,
He wore no purse,
He took no alms but blessin'.
The snakes and toads
Along the roads
Were good St. Pathrick's tarmin't;
"Coom now," he said,
And by its head
He grasped the strugglin' varmint.
"Ye damn'd baste!"
Cried this swate praste,
"Whose land is this ye feed in?
Wor ye not cursed,
In Book the First,
For what ye done in Eden?
"These bastes of guile,
Sure in this isle
Must not the likes of thim go,"
And with thim words
He flung them furrards,
And cast them all to limbo.
Thim snakes to quell,
As I've hearn tell,
He thrashed and smote so doirely,
Not waunst he caysed,
This jaynial praste,
Till they wor kilt intoirely.

He prached to kings
Of hivinly things,
And touched their hearts terristial;
By him thransfixed
Their minds wor fixed
On golden crowns celistial.
The sick and poor
About his door
Would flock in crowds stupinjous,
And, faith, it made
His big heart blade,
Until he'd wape threminjous.
From distant climes
There'd come ofttimes
Wise men of every nation,
And at his fate
His words repate,
Sthruck dumb with admiration!
In books and scrolls
And mighty rolls,
What that great man aforedid,
Within thim books
Whoever looks
Will find the same recordid.
Sure, Kathleen dear,
If he wor here,
He'd search no scroll nor book in;
'Tis your swate eyes—
I spake no lies—
Would break his heart wid lookin'.
Faith, no complaint
This holy saint
Will make, nor think I'm scornin',
When for your sake
This verse I make
On his day in the marnin'.

M'Creedy Sykes.

DEFINITION: to *worst*; to do worse than another.

EXAMPLE: *Leslie's Weekly* has *worsted* the yellow journals.



"THE MAN OF PLEASURE IS A MAN OF PAINS."
—Young's "Night Thoughts."



Elephant (submerged): I SAY, GI, IS NOAH IN SIGHT YET?

JACK: Yes; ancestors certainly help to give a person social prestige.
TOM: Especially when they are wealthy and one lives with them.

THE great trouble with war is that it is so apt to make angels of the wrong men. If there was any prospect that war with Spain would result in transferring the activities of Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst to a different sphere there would be compensation in the thought of it. Alas! the hardiest and most vociferous jingo does not venture to hope for any such result. Mr. Pulitzer is too blind to go forth personally to battle, and there is no probability that any chances of winning imperishable glory in the field or on the sea would lure Mr. Hearst to an inconvenient distance from Wall Street. All that Mr. Hearst seems to be after is to raise hell, and he can do that safely and commodiously ashore. He is

the same person who, while bellowing for free silver in his daily journals, was accused, on very interesting evidence, of purchasing and storing up a very large nest-egg of coined gold, in case anything *should* happen. Mr. Hearst plays with what he can afford to lose—with money, of which he has plenty to spare; with reputation, of which his supply in hand is of that quality that to lose it all would be an immense gain. There is no probability that war would cost him a penny, or expose him to the risk of being hit by anything more dangerous than stale eggs.

AFTER all, the publication of authors' portraits is not wholly without its uses. The two pictures in a late copy of the *Critic*, entitled "Miss Wilkins at Sixteen," and "From a Recent Photograph," form a singularly convincing argument against the practice of banging the hair. To have so fine a brow and cover it up, is not that lamentable?



"Oh, Henry," sighed Mrs. Wellwood, "I'm so ill I can't hold up my head. I wish you had come home earlier. I've been so lonesome."

"Sorry, my dear," said her fond husband. "It's particularly unfortunate that you're ill to-night. You know we are expected to be at the church this evening to help open the annual bazaar. Don't you think that you'll be better after you've had a cup of tea?"

"No," the sweet little woman replied, "the thought of tea is nauseating. There isn't any use trying to fight it off. I never get over these attacks inside of twenty-four hours. You must write a note to the pastor, explaining our absence. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

Mr. Wellwood sat down and looked thoughtful for a little while. Finally, as if he had just remembered it, he exclaimed:

"By the way, I got a couple of passes for the theatre to-night. How unlucky we are. I guess I'll go over and give them to the Brownings. It would be too bad to waste them."

Just then it was announced that tea was ready and Henry Wellwood went down to the dining-room alone. He had got nearly half through eating when his fair young wife entered, and sat down.

"Why," he said, "I thought you didn't care to take tea this evening?"

"I feel a good deal better than I did a little while ago," she replied.

When they had finished tea he went out to the hall and began putting on his overcoat.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" Mrs. Wellwood inquired.

"I'm going to take these tickets over to the Brownings."

"Never mind," she said in her sweetest tones; "we'll use them ourselves. My headache's almost gone and I think it will do me good to get out."

He took off his coat again and they went upstairs to get ready.

As Mrs. Wellwood was adjusting her hat, Henry said:

"Darling, will you forgive me if I tell you something?"

"What is it?" she innocently asked.

"That was just a joke about those passes. I haven't any, but we can go and help open the bazaar, now that you're better."

With a wild cry of distress the wronged woman threw herself down among the cushions upon the sofa, and Henry Wellwood has as yet been unable to convince her that his only reason for wishing to attend the bazaar was the fact that Mildred Hazleton, of whose beauty he had once unguardedly spoken, was to be there in the character of a gypsy fortune-teller. —Cleveland Leader.

MANAGING EDITOR: Mr. Quill, you will at once send out and secure for the office the following list of articles: Two lengths of stovepipe, three buggy wheels, a broken stove, a wash-boiler, two clotheslines, a lot of assorted gaspipe, and a thousand feet of mixed timber.

CITY EDITOR: And may I ask what this truck is for?

"Heavens, what stupidity! Listen, sir. The staff photographer is to pose it, sir, as a taken-on-the-spot photograph of the submerged Maine."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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The Finances of New York City. By Edward Dana Durand, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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The Scarlet-Veined, and Other Poems. By Lucy Cleveland. New York: A. D. F. Randolph Company.

The following letter explains itself:

DEAR UNCLE FRED—I thot I would rite a few lines to let you know that I need about seven dolers more to raise the price of a bike what paw promised me if I would save up enuf to pay fer Half of it.

I spose you ain't Got that much to your name Have you. I Often told Mar What a lot I think of you. If they was jist one purson in the world what I Could Help git ennything they Want by Wishin fer it bet you no who It is.

When I git to be a man I'm going to wear my Whiskers jist like You do, Becos I think it looks A good deal better than the way paw Has them.

Of Course if you ain't got the munny I mite git along with Suthin else, only Don't send no Books. I'm too Bizzy to read. I've Got suthin real nice Fer you. Jee but it's fine.

GEORGIE.

—Pittsburg Journal.

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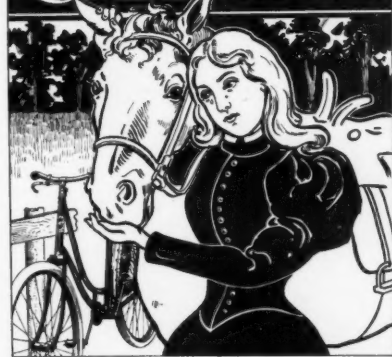


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All night in my dreams, in a train, in a tram,
I flee from a monster, Du Paty de Clam!
He's vague and he's fishlike—a fish from the West;
He's something I've eaten and cannot digest;
He smells of gunpowder and hatred of Jews;
He smells of clam chowder and horrible stews!
A *pâté* of oyster digestion may damn—
That's only a trifle to Paty de Clam!
O give me strait-waistcoats, or give me a dram,
To grip or to drown him, Du Paty de Clam!

—The Sketch.

A FINE POINT IN BILLIARDS.

In the recent match between Schaefer and Slosson for the championship, the management provided a very inferior chalk. Consequently Schaefer made seven or eight mis-cues, and was not in the game at all until he sent over to "Daly's Room" and got a piece of "Spinks's chalk." The Wizard uses this chalk exclusively, as do all the experts.

THERE is a poet in the law school at Ann Arbor who may one day be a judge. Several days ago part of a class was sitting around waiting for services to begin when one of the students fished a back number of LIFE out of a desk and began a careless study of its contents, as one will do when that is all there is to do. He was not interested at first, but presently something attracted his attention and his face showed it at once.

"What have you found?" inquired the man nearest.

"A brief little thought to this effect: 'There are no benches along the path that leads to success.'"

"No benches?" remonstrated a tired-looking student.

"That's what."

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed a student with a poetic length of hair, "say that over again, please."

The reader went over the line slowly—"There are no benches along the path that leads to success"—and the chap with long hair pulled out a pencil and set to work on the flyleaf of his law book. Presently he held up his hand and the others gave heed.

"Here," he said, "is what I think of that sentiment." and he read:

"Then prithee, LIFE, what hope have they,
Who of a legal mind,
Have taken to the law and are
Judicially inclined?"

"As a judge I should sit on LIFE first and on the bench later," said the first man, and the professor entered.

—Detroit Free Press.

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THE member from the Twentieth Ward arose in his dignity and struck an attitude. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I have been offered \$2,000 to vote for this franchise!"

"Great Scott! How much more do you want?" called out a voice from the lobby.—Columbus Journal.

This is the official style in which *The Army and Navy Journal* announces the disaster to the Maine:

"Maine, ten guns, Captain C. D. Sigsbee (n. a. s.), Sunk by an explosion in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, February 15th. Wreckers are at work saving government and private property and recovering bodies from the wreck. Mail should be addressed care of Navy Department."—New York Tribune.

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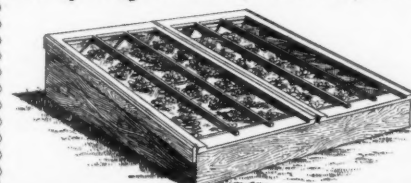
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